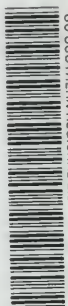


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THE
FLOWER GIRL,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
RHODA MARIA WILLAN.

~~~~~  
The heart  
Became interpreter, and language made  
From its own warm sad sympathies, for those  
Of whom the dream was beauty.

L. E. L.

~~~~~  
LONDON :
THOMAS MILLER, 9, NEWGATE STREET.

1843.

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TO

CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF
"THE HOPE OF THE WORLD," "THE SALAMANDRINE," &c.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

WITH SINCERE FEELINGS OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.



CONSCIOUS of their many deficiencies, it is with an anxiety far greater than I can describe, that I venture to lay these first attempts before the public; but, possessing a passionate love for poetry, which has ever been to me one of the sweetest pleasures of life, it is my earnest hope, should this little volume (however unworthy) be received with the smallest degree of favor, to write a work at some future time which will be more deserving of the approval of my readers. I can now only entreat their kind indulgence, and I need not say how gratified I shall be by encouragement.

“ Though light as is such boon to thee,
’Tis more than Summer’s noon to me.”

I cannot express my thanks too warmly for the

generous patronage I have already received in so distinguished a List of Subscribers, and especially for the kindness and encouragement I have met with from many whose names stand high in the Literature of England.

R. M. W.

14, *Grafton Street*,
April 6th, 1843.

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SOLITARY RAMBLES;

OR,

SHORT SKETCHES.

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THE FLOWER GIRL.

~~~~~  
“ Tutti sei pensieri sono dè rose.”  
~~~~~

It was a summer eve—and bright
The chequer'd beauty of the light,
Half violet, half golden, beamed,
And on a landscape sweetly streamed,
Through bowery foliage fell, and made
Gold lines of net-work on the shade ;
Sun-rays that seemed, serenely mute,
Strings of some wandering seraph's lute,
Dropped from the evening's dewy sky,
Trembling with silent melody.
Athwart the clear transparent air
Like starry atoms, gleaming fair,
Were insects murmuring in swarms
Of mazy rings, and twinkling forms.
The silken flowers—the lofty trees—
The soft low humming of the bees,

Chanted day's cradle-hymn, and then
The drowsy zephyrs came again,
With footsteps that a silver cast
On every bending spray they passed.
A lazy brook purled by, just seeming
To be of its own brightness dreaming ;
A fountain in its upward play
Like liquid rainbows glanced away,
And wept the drops that still would stay ;
Like tears that never cease to fall
From sinners penitential.
And further on, a cottage seen
But dimly through the veil of green
Shrouding its latticed windows, shone
In sweet seclusion, calm and lone :
Jasmins, those pearly buds of light,
Gleamed through the darker foliage bright ;
Red cup-moss, and sweet-smelling thyme,
Boasted their birth of sunny chime ;
While blossom-odours, lingering frail,
Floated with music on the gale.
From every tree the wild notes ring
Of hidden birds that sit and sing,
Till e'en the very leaves seem full
Of gladness, strangely beautiful !
A lovely scene, for happy elves
To sport and play amongst themselves !
All combinations of sweet sound

From far and near are floating round :
Insects beneath their heathery sky
Settling with thrill of melody ;
The fragments of a vesper-song
Now gliding tranquilly along ;
Then bleatings of a little lamb,
Wander'd too far from its dam.
And sunset clouds were yet on high,
Sweeping like silken banners by,
Rays that the parting day left there,
Still glowed upon the reddening air,
As Beauty, leaning from the west,
Called each bright wanderer to her breast.

There sat beneath a broad tree's shade,
Alone and fair, a peasant maid :
Why do the tree leaves green and glad
Bend o'er a brow that is so sad ?—
Young—yet her cheek is wet with tears,
But they are dew—not rain,
And when the dark cloud disappears
The sun will shine again !
Go ! look upon the lovely flowers,
For they will teach content ;
Joy in each rosy leaf embowers,
And love in every scent !
List to the warblings of the birds,
Those little creatures kind,

Muttering the pretty songful words
That not on earth they find !
And the dear things will live once more
That seemed for ever gone ;
All will be happy as of yore
In that delightful tone !
The dream is sweet—so let it last—
But ah ! to wake when it is past !
To find the fragrant flowers crushed,
And the love-voiced music hushed :—
To learn how much we have to bear,
The heart's young warmth of feeling check'd,
To look on those we love, and there
Find only coldness and neglect.
Oh ! melt the mists from future years—
Each budding pleasure droops in tears,
And each fond thought we loved so well,
Is lost, as by a secret spell !

Down in a distant vale away,
A child was laughing while at play,
And gladder grew the laugh, to hear
Its joyous self so bright and clear ;
It could not think that sighs were near !
Thou mayst, oh ! little child, to-night
Pluck the daisies soft and white,
Pearls upon the grasses bright !

Sweet happiness, that knoweth not
When laugh and playings both are gone,
The tears which cannot be forgot
May be thy portion, pretty one !
The skies of spring are clear and blue,
Rain glistens in the sun ;
So tears may flow down cheeks whose hue
Is not less glad when they are done !
And we may even love the shower
Most pensive though it be,
Shedding on bud, and leaf, and flower,
Those drops so like humanity !
But after-storms—wild, fierce, and strong,
Break hearts as well as flowers,
Where never rainbow shines along
Those, oh ! too hopeless hours !
The blossom may resist the wind
That mars, then kills its glow ;
And we may weep the fate we find,
Though ah !—how vain we know !

But to our tale.—The twilight fell
On the valley—on the dell.
The wife looked from her cottage door
With honeysuckle shadow'd o'er,
And recognised the footstep dear
That only love could know or hear ;

The youngest child in eager chase
Had caught his father's first embrace ;
The bee had left his honey quest,
The birds were silent in their nest ;
All except one—the nightingale
Softly beginning her fond tale,
To airs whose pensive light was weeping—
To faint far stars a dim watch keeping—
To the young maiden on the hill
Sitting thus very pale and still,
That the moon-ray falling bright
Shews but a statue of clear light ;
Yet it breathes such heavenly love,
Such smiles as angels wear above :
She sits—her thoughts are on those flowers,
Dear relics of her happiest hours !
And drawing nearer to the roses,
Her eye upon their bloom reposes ;
Like Auroras every one
Pictured brightly in the sun !
Nearer she drew, and then begun
Plucking the leaves, till there were none
Left to adorn the desolate stem,
That once so fondly nourished them :
Shedding around pure rays they lay
Like the last fading dream of day.
Careless and cruel ! so to kill
The pretty blossoms, and to fill

The parent plant with all the woe
It feels to see its children go :
Thou who hast wept to find the tree
Ruined, for very sympathy !
And when it droop'd for too much sun,
How often thy light feet would run,
Bringing cool water from the spring
Meant to revive the fading thing ;
Then thy young eyes would swim in joy
Because it smiled anew,
And now they care not to destroy
The loving look and hue !
She stayed her hand as came the thought,
When young in joy she lately sought
The fairest of that sprightly train
To ask a mother's smile again.
Her brother too—now lost—so fair,
The pretty child with golden hair,
And eyes that shone like moon-touched streams
With many smiles, and changeful beams ;
She thought of *him*—the blossom gay
Seemed as she held it, to decay :
Soon the tear-wetted leaves lie round,
Faded and fragrant on the ground ;
Like dearest hopes when torn away,
Never again their bloom shall play
To the sweet singing which the breeze
Makes in spring-time to the trees :

And they were, like her brother, gone !
Oh ! what a mournful word and tone !
Could he be dead whose bright lips threw
Those gay smiles of life just new,
Which the touch of after years
Turns into so many tears !
Alas ! the answer still must be—
Sorrow and uncertainty !
He had been that radiant day
With the winds and flowers at play ;
Laughing all his pretty speech,
Instead of words he could not reach.
Most beautiful ! the first we know,—
Those infant looks of sun and glow ;
The sweet sport that childhood tries,
With its little hands and eyes,
Before it learns to talk or run,
As a zephyr with the sun :
And then, like some delightful ray,—
So bright—oh ! if it would but stay !
The lovely child was gone away !
No more his parting lip discloses
The laugh it wore—of summer roses,
Trying to lisp the new-found word,
From a loving voice it heard.
Oh ! very dull was light and bloom,
Saddened by that thought of gloom :—

It was a charming evening now,—
One to plant bliss on every brow ;—
One whose breathing, heavenly air,
Might draw our thoughts from this world's care :
Turning them upward to another,
As a child looks on his mother,
For the loving smile and kiss,
Which he knows so well are his.
Oh !—if anything should call
Feelings, whose heavy rain might fall,—
You will find a solace bright,
In the beauty of to-night !
But a footstep now was heard,
That broke the song of the young bird ;
As wildly from the thick-leaved tree
He thrilled through calm obscurity.
The maiden raised her eyes, and near
 The freshness of that airy scene,
An aged man, whose brow was clear,
 Smiled on the sun's last ray serene.
Yet such a smile,—as when through tears,
Of drooping clouds, a light appears ;
As sadly tender as a flower's
Last, faint, lone beam in lingering showers ;
He met her moistened eye—a blush
 Like morning passing brightly,
In her first youthful airy flush,
 Stole o'er that white cheek lightly :

And looking on the lovely lake,
That beamed like music's dwelling,
In sparkling gems the ripples break,
With golden lustre swelling.
Then from acacias blooming near,
The Spring's young rose, and jasmine clear,
She twined a virgin wreath so bright,
Pure as those spirits of the light,
That hover round the saint's repose,
When dreams of other worlds arise ;—
Or the pale dawn, or evening's close,
When the last sun-ray quits the skies.
But as she held the glittering wreath,
And marked the shining lake beneath,
Whose liquid laugh in union played
With every beauty of the shade ;
A tender sigh disturbed the air,
But oh !—what mortal could be there ?
And all the chaste, untrodden way,
In sleeping, roseate silence lay !
But as she turned quick round, a sight
Of thrilling horror met her eye,—
A child lay dead in the clear light,
So brightly glistening from the sky !
And o'er that corse a stranger bent,
With such a cruel, senseless gaze ;
And his dark eyes such fierceness sent,
More gloomy than the pyre's stiff blaze ;—

Or that fell goddess, said to stand
With flaming fire-brands in her hand !
Their very look might scare away
The famished vulture from his prey.
The maiden saw.—One loud, shrill shriek
She uttered, for her strength was weak ;
And even courage self had died,
To see those wild eyes at its side ;
With that strange and awful light
On the blackness of their night !
'Twas *he*,—the aged one, who stood
To watch the sun's last fading ray,
That now was gazing on the blood
In which his murdered victim lay !
One trembling moment still he stood,—
Then darted through the dark, sad wood.
And in that lake so purely bright
The maniac vanished from the sight.

Far—far he fell—where never eye
Shall moisten o'er the restless wave ;
But youthful zephyrs there shall die,
And sweetness find an early grave.
In dusky silence sleeps that lake
Which never more shall music wake !

Oh ! what beauty reigns around—
In the sweet stillness of the ground ;
And in the silk-winged breeze that flies
Beneath the amber of the skies !
And the moon smiles—surprised to see
 Another on the restless river,
With imitating laugh of glee
 And sympathising quiver !
But there is something sad and strange
Amidst the bloom to tell of change :
If wandering 'neath the wavy trees
 As they converse together,
In whispers carried by the breeze
 Of the blue summer weather,
There seems to rise a voice of grief
 Breathing of feelings gone,
In every dark and trembling leaf
 Stirr'd with a thrilling tone :
As though by instinct strange it knew,
Summer is bright—but passing too !
Oh ! have you felt, when all is gay,
 That indescribable emotion,
That more than thought which seems to say
 The things which had our soul's devotion,
Will droop and die—and leave us here
To shed the agonizing tear,
And lead a dreary life—whose pain
We sigh for—but we sigh in vain !—

That shade is sadly sweeping by,
Which faintly whispers "*all shall die !*"
The shining air—the flashing lake,
With all the smiles of spring awake,
A blight must feel, and every smile
In frosty chain-work lose its guile !
And happiness ! the dearest gem,
 Must still be sought in vain ;
The dusky waters cover them
 Beneath its glow again :
The glow, whose glitter for a minute
Had such a thrilling glory in it.
Alas ! because the heavy tears
 Now make the eyelids fall,
For thoughts that are like coming years
 Because they shew them all !
The maiden's cheek is wan and pale,
 What charm can ease the heart of sadness ?
To her whose task is to bewail,
 What joyful voice can tell of gladness ?
Where all is one dim shade revealing,
The truest—saddest depth of feeling !
Fixed as gloom on mouldering towers
 Where the black ravens wander by,
Is that fell blight, whose touch embowers
 The drooping soul in misery !
On the dry wither'd leaves of Autumn
 No bird will deign to sing,

'Twas in the pride of bliss he sought 'em
A young and happy thing !
Go, sweetness—go—your joy is sorrow !
Go—meet a happier bride to-morrow !
—She spoke, and on her flowers again
Cast looks of sad farewell,
Whose music's melancholy strain
Was more than words could tell !

One garland—yes ! one garland more—
One parting kiss—sweet flowers !
With all the joy—the love ye wore
Amid my sunny hours :
Come—tell the last—the last sad strain,
In death there is relief from pain !

She gathered, and she number'd o'er
The flowers, one by one,
A violet there is wanted more,
And then my task is done !
—'Twas her last wreath. Now calm and fair,
Cool and refreshing is the air :
There is a spirit whispering peace
In the soft lute of even,
The young bird feels a kind release
Beneath the radiant heaven :

With wings that wanton in the breeze
Moving all its melodies.
Softly sweet the scene is sleeping,
 Soon the nightingale doth sing,
Like a nurse the kind watch keeping
 O'er an infant's slumbering !
And the waves with tender tune
Rock the cradled skies of June.
While a sound of voiceless prayer
Floats like music everywhere !
Tranquillity is on the mind,
The maiden's look is quite resigned.
Parted from this mournful earth,
To the heaven which gave it birth,
Where the loveliest flowers grow
With no grief to dim their glow ;
Where love is found that changeth never,
Beautiful and bright for ever !
She goes to share it—world of bliss !
Who would not gladly give up this,
For thy delights !—my tale is said—
Linda is numbered with the dead !
And though my language weak may be,
Too weak to move your sympathy ;
Oh give one sigh—and pause awhile—
Know happiness is but a smile,
A sun-ray through the cloud of woe,
That withers in its first fresh glow !—

Her grave is by the deep blue sea,
Whose waves roll on eternally :
And flowers amid the wind-dried grass
Have wildly sprung to bloom,
Which shew you, should you chance to pass,
The Peasant Maiden's tomb !
Close to the solemn storm-tost shore,
Beyond a line of level sand,
In hearing of the ocean's roar
Her resting-place doth stand.
At times a dreamy sound and sigh
Float on the restless air ;
And the sea-gull's melancholy cry
Startles the silence there !

WINTER STORM



I.

THE rains of night, how fast they flow !
Flowers are fading, leaves are low,
Hurrying wildly on they blow,
With the rough winds as they go,
Moaning and sighing to and fro !

II.

Oh ! how dreary all appears,
As the dismal tempest nears !
And my eyes are filled with tears
When I think of coming years—
Dark and dim with clouds and fears !

III.

Weary against the window pane
Beats and drips the heavy rain ;
Now the blast blows keen again,
Rustling o'er the bleak cold plain—
Filling my very heart with pain !

IV.

Naked, desolate, and bare
Is my heart, and full of care,
For a tempest has been there ;
And if it looks on what is fair,
It sighs ! for that it cannot share !

V.

The morn of life has all the flush
Of pleasure's glowing smile and blush ;—
Glad sounds that sorrow soon will hush ;
For still the winds will sweep and rush,
And where the avalanche falls—'t will crush !

VI.

Ah, woe is me !—it could not last,
For all my happiness is past ;
Slowly it came but faded fast—
Away—for ever it is cast,
Leaving but thee, thou bitter blast !

ROMANCE.



COME forth from your green shells, ye flowers, and bring
Sweet odours and smiles for the cradle of spring :—
Where the radiant stream soft meandering flows,
And the lake looketh fair in her green repose.
Come forth, oh ye flowers ! in bridal array,
Dispersing the gloom,—making sunshine of day :—
Ye are come !—oh ! bright is your fresh glowing hue,
But why wear ye sadly the tear of the dew ?
The warm sunbeam, like hope on the sorrowful mind,
Dispelling those mists will leave pleasure behind !
It broke forth, the rich vale of beauty was fair,
And the soft breath of music enchanted the air ;
Where the silvery smile of the pale jasmin trees
Quiver'd like light in the wavy breeze,
And the wood-lark's note as he soared on high
In the clear deep blue of a summer sky,
Was faintly heard by the rocky shore,
Mingling its song with the sea's wild roar.

A rosy child by the green steep played,
As the shadows stole o'er the verdant glade :—
And with joy he laughed in the sunny air,
A soul of sweetness—devoid of care.
Alas ! sweet child, like the spring's glad flowers,
Is the golden ray of thy youthful hours ;
Untinged by the dark shade of sorrow or woe,
Thy dwelling is yet where the roses blow !
Ah ! shall we not weep when we think that the time
Now bright in the radiance of youth's happy clime,
Must ere long be shadowed, and droop in its smile,
Like a flower grown pale in its gay leafy isle ?
But while thou art fair, we will banish away
All remembrance of sorrow—all thought of decay ;
Then look ! where the zephyrs in wild playful glee
Kiss the rose that hangs blushing and blithe o'er the
 sea,—
And list to the lyre as its lovely notes thrill,
And throw the sweet semblance of joy round thee still,
They 'll whisper delight in thy childhood's prime—
'Tis a blooming flower of the sunniest clime !

THE POET.

'Twas evening—and the curtaining shadows fell
O'er the lone silence of a little dell :
The fairy flowers had closed their eyes, to rest,
And dews, instead of bees, were on their breast.
All was soft trembling beauty ;—in its shade
There was a spot for poet's musing made,
A little arbour ;—brightly overhead,
The jasmin flowers for starlight shone, and shed
Their rays of opal on the rose's glow,
And moss and violets, blossoming below.
Where the sweet zephyrs breathe a summer song,
Pranking with moonlight as they come along.

Within the shelter, by tall trees enclosed,
A youthful poet silently reposed,
Casting his dark and melancholy eye
Upon the starry silver of the sky :—

Whose very depth was teeming with delight,
And melody—like young hopes fair and bright,
That shine so warm because they think that never
The storm will come to ruin them for ever !
And Azar gazed, till on his face a smile
Glanced like a rainbow, beautiful the while,
But seemed so strange amid the sadness there,—
A flower blossomed in the rudest air,
To blush and die, and leave, when seen no more,
A desolation greater than before !
And it had passed—that smile of early years,
O’ermastering for a moment the heart’s fears ;
And as its glistening beauty stole away,
The burning tears upon the eyelash lay !
Then bitterly came down—the worst of all,
The shower that crushes with its heavy fall !
How much of genius does it doom to die,
Or fade unseen in dull obscurity—
Sinking bright hopes wherein our youthful eyes
Had fondly found a pleasant paradise !
Oh ! who can think of all the grief and woe,
The desolate sadness, we so soon may know,
And not shed tears ?—the heart that wastes away—
The joys that wither in their first sweet ray,
Like blighted buds, or leaves that greenly fall
From the young glow of spring’s fresh coronal ;—
And poverty and sickness that consume
The soul of youth just struggling into bloom —

Full of rich fancies, love, and friendship made
To pine and suffer—weep and be betrayed !
Why should I tell of this ?—the grief that grows
More deep, more gloomy as it onward flows—
A darkening stream, and the fair flower dies,
That laughed and sparkled to the morning's skies !
For all may shew it—oh ! a trembling thing
Is the gay sunlight on the zephyr's wing ;—
And Beauty's self wears dew-drops as to show
A trembling pensiveness through all her glow.
But Azar loved to see the summer night,
Whose silence is her own most dear delight ;
She looks a speech more eloquent than words,
To touch of feeling all the finest chords :
And as his gaze was lifted to the skies,
As the soft starlight fell into his eyes,
You might have deem'd that holy aspect fair
Was of the heaven that shone upon it there !
Blossoms heaped up with smiles were round him gay,
And some were golden—like the sun's own ray :
But yet he wore no smile—the long, long hours
Passed heavy on, as though there were not flowers :
And his sad brow looked thoughtful, faint, and pale,
And hopeless,—as the leaves that to the gale
Of Winter fall, shrivell'd and rustling on,
When all their Summer loveliness is gone.
Alas !—that happiness and pleasant smile
Should only last us such a little while !

Look round you !—poverty, and grief, and care,—
Oh !—all too common—they are everywhere !
See sorrow, with her agony-wrung hands,
And dropping tears,—how desolate she stands !
But worse, far worse, that loneliness of heart,
Which sees the last fond ray of hope depart.
Ah ! then the gayest spirit soon must bend
'Neath leaden hours that seem to have no end.
And Azar felt it all ;—long had he borne
What poverty will ever meet—the scorn
And cruelty of those, the proud, the cold,
Whose doors are never open but to gold !
Who careless live within their stately hall,
And give with grudging if they give at all.
But oh ! it surely is the best delight,
To make the face of misery look bright :
Then wealth indeed is blest, to chase away
Much sorrow with the sunlight of its ray ;—
And words and tears that ease the mourner's pain,
Like summer showers, never fall in vain !

I walked one morning in a garden gay,
The light-beam showed a rose-bud in my way,
Snapped from the stalk,—and looking dead,
So mournfully it drooped its crimson head !
Its blush was almost fading, when I took
And dipped it in the ripples brook,

Then placed it in a vase. Unfolding quite,
It thanked me ; for it looked so warm and bright.
And long I loved it : sorrow was averted,—
It smiled again, for it was not deserted !

Over a stream the youthful poet leant
With eyes that met his shadowed lineament ;
Still though the stream went on, it moved not,
But seemed as mourning for its blighted lot ;
So sad amid a wealth of outpoured smiles,
The rainbow sweetness of the water's wiles ;
You might not speak of colour, azure skies,
That opened to a fairy paradise !
Branches of trees threw shadow o'er it too,
But stars looked up between, with shine and hue,
As if the heaven had dropped them from its blue ;
But they were only mirror'd in a dream,
Bright as the real ones looking on it seem.
Young Azar started, walked another way,
To where a withered root of violets lay ;
He thought upon its story, like his own,
The joy, the blooming smile, for ever flown ;
Their eyes of blue hung heavy as for woe,
And every leaf had lost the pretty glow
That green leaves wear in Spring :—but it woke up
And shook the dew from out its shrivelled cup,
And startled Azar, as with wild amaze,
He saw contentment in that flower's gaze ;

Its smile looked out with quiet voice and low,
To Azar's face, and then addressed him so :—

“ Oh, learn from me to murmur not at ill,—
See, I am withered, pale, but fragrant still ;
And though no more the gaily plumaged bees
Shake on my breast their loving melodies,
Or little birds with gleaming wings sit near,
Dropping their trembling speech for me to hear ;
I still retain my perfume ; it is found
On golden zephyrs, like a tuneful sound,
That charms, as all unseen it frolics by,
Making quick sparkles from the grasses fly !
So goodness in the heart will shine and stay,
When joys, like lovely colours, pass away ;
And as the clear moon sanctifies the night
With holy radiance, and with winning light,
Her fervent smile will blossom above woe,
And happiness amongst its beauty glow !”

The flower stopped, and mingling fragrance sent,
As now its gentle head it downwards bent ;
Convinced by that sweet voice, and accents mild,
The youthful poet went his way and smiled.

THE CAPTIVE BROTHERS.



THIS lovely day the spring is gay,
 And all her flowers are bright ;
 And sunbeams dance in airy trance,
 Across the field of light.

The voice of song is sweet along
 The green and merry shore ;
 By radiant hill and joyous rill,
 With rose-leaves trellis'd o'er.

The dew shines bright as a raindrop's light,
 In the look of the warm, gay sun ;
 And flowerets smile like a fairy isle ;
 And joys in the soft breeze run.

Two fair boys rove through the glancing grove,
 With their young, fond arms entwined ;
 And their dear eyes gleam with love's own beam,—
 The rays of a happy mind !

Oh ! childhood's time is a sunny clime,
A sportive leaf of spring !
But soon it fades, and the autumn shades
A withering hopeless thing !

They run towards the sea in light wild glee
And twine the loved blossoms in play ;—
But they turn quick round at a strange rude sound,
And toss the fresh garland away !

Each bright boy springs—to his brother clings
The flow of their joy is still :—
As night grows dark, in a slaver's bark
They are borne from sweet stream and hill !

The wind stirr'd the sail with a feeble wail,
For drooping hearts were there ;
But the deep blue sky looked such peace on high,—
Oh, could sorrow profane the air !

It hies away with its hapless prey
Of ruin'd bliss and love ;
With the white sails freed, like a prancing steed
Saluting the air above.

Ah ! very gay was nature's play,
And the smile of infant glee ;
But one short hour—oppression's power,
Young Joy, has blighted thee !

Aurora born, put forth her morn,
To gild dim tower and grave :
The garland dead, with its chaste bloom fled,
Lay on the pale blue wave.

That bud—that leaf that mourns in grief,
Was fondly, gaily tied ;
Those precious hands in slavery's bands,
Once gay in artless pride !

Oh ! who may sing, what tears they bring
To blot the morning's grace ?—
Or how they weep—or dream in sleep,
Of home's enchanting place.

Forget—and think when on the brink
Of the dear stream they played ;
Their native stream did never seem
For aught but beauty made.

Their mother's kiss they ne'er did miss,
So fond it was their own ;
And then they wake—their hearts will break—
Poor little ones ! alone.

By bitter tears they reckon years,
It used to be by flowers ;—
Now the lone smell can only tell
How sweet were vanish'd hours !

But all is past, and death at last
Comes with a kind relief ;
The soul takes flight to its heaven of light—
They reckon no more of grief !

The birds of spring o'er the green grave sing
A dirge for youth's sad day,
And flowers bright with the stars at night
In pity melt away !

TO THE MOON.

Moon ! that look'st so kindly on me
From thy sapphire throne,
Stars ! whose glowing spell has won me
Thus to muse alone.

Say, in this world sad and dreary,
May we hope to find
Hearts whose love can never weary,
Faithful, soft and kind ?

That in sorrow's cheerless weather
Wear a brighter glow—
And more fondly cling together
When her ice-winds blow !

Thou, oh fairy queen ! whose splendor
Wanes not with old Time,
Thou who look'st so sweetly tender
On bleak winter's clime !

Give me but the dear assurance
There is one like thee,
And I'll rest with calm endurance
'Neath Life's leafless tree !

In some peaceful spot where fountains
Wander gladly by,
And green shades on flowery mountains
Musically sigh ;

While sweet birds in tuneful chorus
Warble all the day,
And young beams of light play o'er us,
Smiling mist away ;

Though chill poverty looks darkling,
Love may yet be there,
Gemm'd with lustre far more sparkling—
Blossom ever fair !

Fairy Queen of Night ! whose splendor
Grows not pale with time,
Thou who look'st so sweetly tender
On sad winter's clime,

Give me but the dear assurance
There is one like thee ;
Then I'll rest with calm endurance
'Neath Life's barren tree !

EDITH.

A SKETCH.

'Tis a lovely scene—and glad and bright
The star-beams glance in the blue twilight.
The sun has gone down in the crimson west,
And the moon comes forth in her silver vest,
To look on the young and the smiling May,
And the flowers that spring up along the way ;
To hear the birds singing because the tree
Has hung them a green dark canopy :
And to gaze on waters that dance and play,
With an arrowy dash, and a shivering spray.
I've thought, if they cover a world like ours
With birds, and bees, and smiles, and flowers,
Most joyful for ever the place must be,
Whose sky alone has such melody !
Enchanting—how more than enchanting is all—
With the blush of its beauty—its musical fall.

Oh ! who would think that so gay a spring
Could fade away, or could ever bring
A shadow of grief to the human heart,
Or see the blossom of love depart !

But wherefore is it—wherefore now
Does Edith wander with sad brow ?—
Fair as early spring, yet pale
As her own hawthorn in the dale ;
Except hidden feelings rush
On the heart with sudden gush ;—
Then quick beneath her clear cheek's hue
Transitory roses rise,
As if a lovely hand withdrew
The veil which hid them from our eyes.
Beautiful as a fairy-queen,
She treads the soft enamell'd green,
Until the secret thought is past,
Made like a rainbow—not to last.
And then those eyes—what blue and bright
Mingle together in delight !
Yet something darker there is hid,
Or wherefore falls the snowy lid,
To conceal the mournful feeling,
All too much of love revealing,—
Of that love which makes, and is
All our woe, or all our bliss.

The chaste water-lily veils
From the sun her pearly blossom ;
The pale gems of summer gales
Like star-beams glisten on her bosom ;
Far too delicate to bear
Aught that passion might declare !
So the maiden's tearful eye
Droops like white clouds on summer's sky,
Veiling its depths of witching blue,
All that sorrow hides from view :
Vainly hides—oh, worst relief !
Is the smile which springs from grief ;
Seeking in revelry to steep
Misery, that's all too deep
For the masquer's part to play.
Now she weeps—and weep she may—
Ah ! uncared for, and unknown,
Sorrow may live and die alone,
Scorn'd or shunn'd alike by all
Is the brow grown pale with weeping ;
Where the cypress branches fall,
On despair's dark ruins sleeping.
Alas ! oh love, for all thy bloom
Leads but to darkness, grief, and woe,
A broken heart, a mournful tomb,
Are blights that mid thy flowers grow !
Ay ! love may be sweet in seeming,
But we wake and find it dreaming :

As that vale, at distance bright,
With the verdant mountains round,
When approached doth lose its light,
And is but a ruin found.¹
So love's star-like, tender smile
Shines, though form'd of tears the while,
Still all bright it lures the eyes,
'Neath the moon's sweet flatteries,
And the flowers' summer wealth,
Fragrance blushing as by stealth,
From delicious buds that lay,
Laughing with beauty through the way.
Then the dear delusion's nurst
Like her emblem-rose at first,
Which more frail, will sooner die,
And then, dream-like, wander by !
But in all its fond excess
Of deep impassion'd tenderness,
Edith loved : and wild delight,
Springing like a careless flower,
Made Time's old grey wings look bright,
And gave a smile to every hour !
What had then her lute to tell—
Light, and bloom, and smiles were only
Sparkles of the outward cell ;
Love's sweet growth is ever lonely ;

¹ The vale of St. John, mentioned in Hutchinson's "Excursion to the Lakes."

For what minstrel can express
That too perfect happiness !

But her lover—he has gone,
And left her now to pine alone.
When last they met, the mild twilight
Was softly wooing bird and flower ;
His last words that lovely night
Were “ We will meet in yonder bower,
When the deep red roses are
Blushing mirrors of each star.”
But the weary days have past,
April rainbows wept their last.
Bright again the star-dropt dew—
Why is not Clemandi here ?
Tender is its diamond hue
On the lily soft and clear :
Like love-kisses as they flow
On the bloom the roses throw,
Broidering that pensive bower
As it did the last sweet hour,
When Clemandi’s voice was kind,
And happiness like light reclined,
Where her beauty’s summer sky
Shone on all delightfully !

Now the far blue heaven is bright,
Stars are crowding round the night :

Oh! 'tis rapture if 'twould stay,
Much more beautiful than day !
And Edith gazed and listen'd :—long
The nightingale had hush'd her song,
But smiled the brook, and smiled the flower,
Just as they should in that calm hour :
Surely there 's music, for the sound
As of a summer harp sweeps round,
A sigh, a chord, untouch'd before,
That tells the feelings all—and more,
As if the sky's deep depth of blue
From its sweet distance warbled too ;
And air and stream their voices lent
To form a heavenly instrument !
The stars grew brighter as they listen'd,
Soft the sister dew-drops glistened
On every spring-born flower and tree,
Looking out right joyously.
Her fairy lute young Edith took,
Rose and violet from the strings
Dropp'd, as if an angel shook
Dew and sunlight from his wings !—
Wreathed by his hand ;—Clemendi, why
Lingers thy step, or turns thine eye
From her to whom thy smiles were sweetest,
Her hours passed with thee the fleetest ?
Pensive she hung her o'er the chords,
And pale sorrow hath a tone

Sweet as the wood-notes of the birds

All peculiarly its own.

But now she touch'd—it sigh'd—it broke
That string so loved :—alas ! 'twould never
Speak to the heart as once it spoke,
For like that heart 'twas broke for ever !
With mournful look she laid aside

The instrument to gaze

Where the high moon in queenly pride

Sent down her thousand rays ;

And hill and vale shone out the while

In one broad delighted smile !

And full of life the ocean spray

Sparkled and laugh'd where'er it lay.

Most beautiful is night :—oh bliss !

To wander in a time like this—

E'en Edith felt the soothing balm

Upon her senses stealing,

And in her heart a quiet calm

Its gentleness revealing.

She listen'd to the waves that made

Soft music to the beechen shade ;—

Hark ! there is something more ! what sound

Has sent its echo faintly round ?

The distant plashing of an oar

Comes near and nearer to the shore :

One moment—no ! 'tis not a dream !

Clemandi 's standing by her side,

But paler than the moonlight beam
That shows them mirror'd in the tide !
Silent they stood ; no noise was heard
Until above their heads a bird
Flew past :—its white wings flapp'd with fear,
And agony, as it came near !
'Twas Edith's favourite dove—she knew
Its snowy plumes so clear and bright,
As now across the dark it flew,
Like some evil-omen'd sprite !
But no ! what could there be to fear ?
Restored to love and to each other,
The present moment was so dear
They could not wish to live another !
But there is something on his face,
A deep and melancholy sadness,
That in his eyes has left no trace
Of all their late accustom'd gladness.
His drooping dark locks hang like night
Upon the snows when round they crowd,
Glittering as if the light
Was looking from beneath their shroud !
Oh ! so pale, so sad a brow !
But with pain to smile he tried,
The death-like waters stirred not now,
And silence sat on all beside.
Pale and silent they were both,
For each felt as if a shade

Dimm'd the young joy, and words were loth
To make weak hope more afraid.
It avails to tell no more—
Maiden, thy glad smiles are o'er !
He is come his doom to tell—
He is come to say farewell !
To war ! at morn the bugle-ery
Calls to conquer or to die—
To meet the tramping war-like host—
To know the battle won or lost—
To wear the laurels of the brave—
Or to find an honour'd grave :
To fight or die—to stand or fall—
Are chances which that warrior call.
'Tis done :—the last sad word is said,
Or rather look'd and sigh'd instead :
And grief has settled on each heart,
Because they love and they must part !—
And Edith's cheek was deadly white
As she walk'd onwards through the night :
Like some marble statue, where
There is a fix'd and great despair !
And she reach'd her father's hall
Lighted for a festival.
Lamps from the tall trees were gleaming,
From the roof gay colours streaming.
Silver smiles, and bloom, and mirth,
Are they not too bright for earth ?

No ! 'tis the young lord's marriage day,
Minstrels, ye must all be gay !
And Edith enter'd, and saw there
Her brother's bride, whose sunny hair
Unbound, was like a mantling light
Where the roses blush'd out bright :
With the pearls as proud to shine
On a brow all but divine !

Radiant as the Spring's first day,
When the birds and the flowers are waking,
To echo the looks of the sunlight's ray
When young from the east it is breaking :
And her cheek like that sky in its airy flush
When most timid it smiles through Aurora's blush ;
Yet glad as the river that sparkles in light
With the diamond flash of a new delight :
Her form like the zephyr, graceful and fair,
As if lightness and beauty its blossom were,
While like gold of the sunset, her long wild tresses
Enamour'd sport in the wind's caresses.—
And music's dulcet notes arise,
And the smiles of starry eyes,
So beautiful, so sweet, so gay—
Oh, could Edith be as they !
The light was but a glare—the song
Did not to her heart belong :

Sickening she turn'd, and sought the gloom :
She would it had been then her tomb !
She hid her face—the large tears crept
Through the small fingers as she wept !
And in her silken tresses slept,
Till the long, long night of pain
Went, and morning came again,
With her rosy smiles advancing,
And the song of birds entrancing,
And the young bud fuller blown
In its green and leafy throne.
But all is sad without the glow
Of love to cheer our path below ;
For ah ! in Spring we well may sigh
To know that soon its bloom will die,
That it may be, when next young leaves
Throw their fresh green from every stem,
Our heart will be the thing that grieves
Without a smile to welcome them.
And we shall only hear the tone
Of other years come sad and lone,
While gushing tears of wild distress
Proclaim our utter wretchedness !
But even then some thought may flower
To sweeten that most dreary hour,
And like a ray of light unseen
Or song the south wind bringeth,

Illume the path of what has been,
Though ruin'd as it singeth!—

A little tree was green and gay,
And sunbeams kissed it all the day :
And many birds were pleased, and made
Perpetual music through its shade ;
But Winter came, like Sorrow bringing
Other sounds than now were singing ;
Yet still one sweet familiar voice
Remain'd to make the tree rejoice !
And though 'twas spoilt with sad decay,
The bird was kind and yet would stay.
Dear pretty little singer!—he
Upon its wither'd form,
Sat warbling, till the melody
Rose sweet above the storm !
So, Angel Hope ! like that glad bird
Thy song is ever brightly heard,
But most when others are departed,
Trying to cheer the broken hearted !

Edith arose with looks the while
Tearful, yet trembling through a smile,
But a smile sad as the one
Flowers wear when day is done.
The world may blame us if it will,
The tide of feeling who can still?—

Onward it flows—full, fast, and free—
Most strange—wild joy—deep misery !
Or both, when Hope with gentlest beam
Looks on the variable stream.

Yes ! she would see him once again,
'Twill be relief midst all her pain,
To think of :—a delicious store,
When all but memory is no more.
Hush ! a dull sound upon the air—

Then comes a martial sight,
Of helms and lances gleaming fair

In the golden sunbeams bright :
Cheers urge them on ! and each bold eye
Flashes for gallant victory !
But mournful ones are left behind—

How deeply sad to part
From him whose voice was always kind—

The true and manly heart.
Companion of our infant years,
Or child on whom a mother's tears
In still and melancholy flow,
Fell, as she fear'd " it might be so ! "
But Edith's grief is worse than these,

A young and destined bride,
With frantic agony she sees

That now they must divide !
The happy ones are forced to sever—
They part :—oh ! will it be for ever ?

Alas ! alas ! too scarce a thing,
The bright sweet current of the spring
Of fond affection !—Ah ! we may
Search through a long and dreary way,
Before we find the priceless gem,
Richer than monarch's diadem !
Then own how precious is a sigh
From the dear lips of sympathy !
The dew on every flower throws
Its trembling type of many woes,
And the soft lily's pearly beam
Hangs silvery light upon the stream.
And may not then the human heart
 Its own sweet tribute claim,
Of love that never can depart—
 That always is the same :—
A star whose beauty from the many
Still shines the loveliest of any ?

But on they come in proud array,
 Those horsemen, strong and bold,
While the young dalliance of the day
 Has dyed with liquid gold
The glorious East :—and far and near
 The floating banners seem
Through dark fir-trees as they appear
 Another morning's beam !

Not a single breath is stirring
Through the still and viewless air—
Even Echo sleeps, deferring
All its melody so fair.
—There is a dull and heavy sound
Of tramping steeds that shake the ground :
There are white plumes that wave on high
Tranquil—though anger flashes nigh ;
And there are pennons that have caught
Hues of many-colour'd thought ;—
And shining casques, and dauntless brows,
Mingling in light amidst the boughs.
The sky of blue looks all content,
A sky of love and beauty blent,
And little flowers star the way,
Seeming with placid smile to say
That they will always be as gay.
Strange contrast to the wild unrest—
The aching sadness of the breast—
The loneliness, that youth can know,
With all its fervour, all its glow,
That Edith feels !—oh ! it is sad
To see so much of what was glad,
Laid low by the fierce storm of fate—
So young, so bright, so desolate !
Like a fair tree in all its pride
When rudely cleft asunder

By the pale lightning-flash that died
Amid its rattling thunder !
The first is on a courser white
That seems accustom'd to the fight ;
His arching neck is proud—his tread
Fearless, as on a violet-bed
To rush amid the cannon's roar :—
Oh, he was made alone for war !
The rider—'tis Clemandi's brow !
There is deep sorrow on it now—
And in his dark expressive eye,
Though falcon-like its fire,
A tenderness serene and high
Shines through the warrior's ire.
He waved his scarf as Edith stood,
Watching his course through the green wood ;
Then hurried on—nor turn'd his eye
To meet her look of misery !—
Next morn arose :—the ruby light
Saw fifteen thousand put to flight :
Hauberk and lance are shining here,
And plumes, and many a shatter'd spear,
Sparkle on the blood-stain'd sand
To speak of all that routed band !
Corslet, and pennon, sword, and shield,
Strewed thick that silent battle-field.
Where was Clemandi ?—none could tell—
Perchance he lived—perchance he fell !

Alone, like modern Mehrab Khan,¹
Fighting the hosts of Frangistan!
Pass we the battle's burning breath,
For what has love to do with death?

'Tis eve again—a winter's eve,
The winds blow bleakly round—
Through barren trees they sweep, and leave
A melancholy sound!
The bee that in the living light
Was joyful all the day;
The river sparkling with delight
That sang along its way;
The new-blown bud that brought its flush
To imitate the sky;
The bird, whose voice at twilight's hush
Was heard delightfully!
Oh what a change!—they all are gone—
And more than that—I see
And hear, e'en in the wind's sad tone,
A soft voice breathing mournfully!
I start and turn—a little leaf,
That's sighing in the way,
Can fill me with a passionate grief
I have no power to stay!

¹ The heroic Mehrab Khan died, sword in hand, at the door of his own Zenana.—*Capture of Kelat.*

Oh ! have you watch'd the sunset's fall
On bright, on fair, and felt it all ?
Or have you at the lulling time
Of evening watch'd the sea,
When like some golden southern clime
Its smile is all tranquillity ?
For such is early life's delight,
Whose future, like the moon at night,
Appears so distant yet so bright !
Whose joy is like a youthful flower
Nursed by a summer sun ;
That looks alike on every hour
Until the day is done ;
Then come the sorrows and the tears
That wait upon our after years,
All we so well can feel—not say
To turn its beauty to decay !
Ah ! fragile more than leaf or song,
The bright things that to youth belong.
Such now are Edith's thoughts of grief—
Thoughts that are like the wither'd leaf,
Blown chill and desolately on,
Without a hope to lean upon !
The storms may beat, and tempests rave,
'Tis dead—and only seeks a grave !

Three years have pass'd, and dismal change
Has made the place look wild and strange :

A dim dark stream rolls slowly by,
And gloom is over all the sky.
Ravens and bats upon the air
Have taken place of all things fair.
I see a grave !—'tis damp and dank,
The waving grass is tall and lank—
Through it the wind makes dreary moan,
And the rain drips from it on the stone.
That Grave is Edith's !——

THE SHIPWRECK.

A LURID red was on the sky,
The black deep waters roar'd,
And toss'd like snow their foam on high,
While clouds their rains outpour'd.

The winds—they came with strength and sound
Against the flapping sail,
Where the sad pilot looked around
With ghastly brow and pale.

A crash like thunder rent the air !
The crew are on the deck—
They utter shrieks—they kneel in prayer—
They look upon a wreck !

The wild, wild ocean ! wilder woe—
How terrible it is !
Yawning like sepulchres below
Is all the dark abyss !

The broken planks some try to grasp,
Their eager lives to save :
Some in despair each other clasp,
Companions for their grave.

Confusion ! horror !—against death
They battle fierce and long ;
But now they feebly gasp for breath,
The tempest is too strong !

White moon-rays fell—how cold and proud !
Upon the whiter brow ;
They were a pale funereal shroud,
And it was wanted now.

For they all sank—the flashing waves
Have hush'd their heavings deep !
Hark ! they are silent as the graves,—
It is their watch they keep !

The widow's tears fall down like showers,
And little orphans mourn ;
And can it be, a few short hours
Have made them all so lorn !

Sadly one stood upon the beach,
Her tears fell on her child ;
An infant yet—it knew not speech,
But as it slept it smiled.

Blue waters, like the tranquil sky
Above, were bright and clear :—
There rose a sobbing voice and sigh
To one who could not hear !

“ My Omra ! ”—dismal was the sound
Wrung from a breaking heart ;
“ I cast my glistening eyes around,
But see not where thou art !

“ Oh ! must the agony be mine
To live without thy love ?
I, who was ever true to thine,
And this—my little dove !

“ Must his young years pass slowly on
Without a father’s care ? ”—
In choking grief the words were done,
She knelt her down in prayer :

She knelt upon the barren shore,
With thoughts that turn’d to Him,
To Him who can say “ weep no more ! ”
Her eyes with tear-drops dim.

And she rose up with look resign’d,
And kiss’d the fair cheek warm,
That nestling in her arms reclined,
And knew not of the storm.

“Sweet little one!” the mother said,
With eyes that almost smiled,
“Although the human love be dead,
That bless’d us so—my child!—

“There is a bright and glorious place
Where all affections are,
The thought of every loving face
Is fair as any star!

“Blest consolation! dear relief!
To know when life is done,
That is at best a fragile leaf,
In wind, and rain, and sun,

“Toss’d onwards:—we shall never more
Beloved ones dying see;
But bliss in all its sweetest store,
Immutability!

“Then selfish are our sighs and tears,
He’s gone that bliss to share;
A few more fleetly passing years,
And we shall join him there!”

THE TWO TREES.

~~~~~  
Founded on an Incident of Family History.  
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IN a little garden growing,
Nurtured by the hand of love ;
Where sweet perfumed winds were blowing,
From the cloudless skies above.

Two twin trees, in Spring's warm weather,
Drew the sunbeam's kind embrace ;
Twin affections laughed together,
O'er that happy, happy place.

They were watched by two young lovers,—
Watched with all a lover's care ;—
Watched by every breeze that hovers,
Bringing smiles for bloom so fair.

Revelling in the arms of brightness,
His, oh ! proudly flourished long !—
Hers, in beauty's airy lightness,
Grew,—but did not look so strong.

Hers,—oh, hers was fondly cherish'd,—
She almost thought 't would never fade ;
One green leaf—another—perished !
Oh, the woe to that fond maid !

Drooping,—soon the flowerets vanished,
With the Autumn's breath they died ;
But the love could not be banished ;—
Oft it wept, and oft it sighed.

And the sister tree that brightly
Frolicked with the passing air,
Shed her leaves on Winter lightly,
But the voice of death was there.

The fair trees that in blue weather,
Waved their boughs in sweetness free,
Parted not—but died together—
Oh ! like this earth's love should be !

Where rest now these much loved strangers ?
Strangers they have been for years ;—
We have been sad mournful rangers,
Through dark scenes of grief and tears

Where?—oh! faded—lost for ever!

The lorn stems may cast a shade—
But sweet bloom again—ah! never
On their branches shall be laid.

Where, oh where, are now these lovers?

Years have passed since those glad days—
One's bright worth the still tomb covers,
Clouded is his voice of praise.

But in memory's tearful pages

Oh! his hallowed name is shrined,
Whether bliss a smile engages
Or when grief more oft we find.

Thus the things we love go from us,

Vain indeed on earth is love,
'Tis a thing of smiling promise
But its home 's fair heaven above.

A SPRING EVENING.



'Tis a fair scene, and soft and bright
Is the silvery breath of the clear moonlight ;
And the stars are opening from heaven above,
Like those small white blossoms the waters love.
The bloom of the lovely, the new-born May,
Is cast on the landscape's lengthened way.
'Tis a night where beauty's abroad in the air,
With music and blossoms, and all things fair.
'Tis a night for the dreamings of old romance,—
For the wild wood hunt, and the proud steed's
prance ;—
For the lover when urging his first sweet suit,
For the minstrel when touching his fairy lute ;—
For all that is gay, for all that is free,—
For all that is brilliant this scene must be !
And, oh !—'tis a night and a time when the sigh,
Escapes from the lip, as the dew from the sky ;—

If there's aught that could picture a winterless clime,
And show pleasure's self as she sports with the time,
It is this—when enchantment a careless queen reigns,
And sweetness delights itself through the green
 plains,

In all the young wealth of Spring's exquisite bloom,—
When Mirth's gayest smiles are round every tomb !
Oh !—loveliest season ! whose groves of rich flowers,
Are like the dear memories of happiest hours,—
Whose stars like the fresh budding hopes of our
 Spring,
Throw fond clusters of light round the beautiful
 thing !

As I view thee, my sadness takes flight, and away,
Like the sable-clad night at the glory of day ;
And my thoughts, like thy waters, flow peacefully on,
For the frost of the Winter that bound them is gone.
Oh ! surely 'tis sweeter with Nature to be,—
The bright blooming flowers are companions for me !
As pure as mirrors the calm streams are glowing,
And the buds pictured there with our sweet thoughts
 are blowing,

While young birds sing melody, blithe flowers look it,
Sky blue, as if summer smiles never forsook it,
Are around us, above us, low messages say,
“ What a circle of loveliness wreaths the sweet May ! ”

THE SKY IS CHANGED.

THE sky is changed—the clouds are dark,
The winds and rains are very chill :
Why venturedst thou my little bark,
Upon the stormy waves at will ?

My destiny is changed—for oh !
When winds were soft and skies were fair,
How could my inexperience know
It was not Truth lay smiling there ?

The little tree, whose foliage green
Sent smiles from every bending bough,
Was gay, until it felt the keen
Cold blast that laid its beauty low !

And I, until I saw them fade
Could never think my hopes would die,
Alas ! that I was ever made
To feel their sad uncertainty !

I might have watched the flitting cloud,
I might have looked for aught I know
Upon the flower, whose cup was bowed—
As with some mystery of woe !

I might have listened to the lay
Of some unhappy widow'd bird,
And left awhile my childish play
To wonder what it was I heard.

But hope and joy, those radiant things
While yet undimm'd by time or shower,
Round early youth will spread their wings
Like sentinels, that watch the flower.

Now destiny is changed :—I know
That they were sweet but fleeting dreams,
Their pleasures all are gone—and oh !
How sadly dark the future seems !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF GRACE DARLING.



How sadly over hill and dell,
For her who is departed,
Sounds in our ears the funeral bell—
For her—the noble-hearted !

Yes—she is gone ! in early youth
A frame too weak and tender,
But a high heart, where love and truth
Shone with redoubled splendour !

When from the shore she saw the wreck—
With death and darkness round it,—
Saw signals waving from the deck—
Heard Terror's cries resound it :—

Then, while the storm was raging high,
Across that angry water,
Fearless beneath the frowning sky—
Went Darling's youthful daughter !

She felt upon the foaming wave
Its iron wrath revealing,
Strength, more than manly courage gave
To all her woman's feeling.

Her noble spirit knew no fear,
No thought of self could change her ;
The chance of saving life was dear,
She cared not for the danger !

Now sadly over hill and dell
To say she is departed,
Rings in our ears the funeral bell,
For her—the noble-hearted !

THE CLOUD.



I.

On cloud that slowly movest
Along the ether sheen,
To look on what thou lovest,
The meadow and the green :
Why fall thy tears so quickly,
Albeit shining white,
Like flowers sprinkling thickly
An odor round the night ?—
Clear rain-drops ! ye are floating
Before my gazing cyne,
Not dimmed, alas ! for noting
The sorrow through the shine !
It raineth on—it raineth on,
And little blossoms one by one,
Droop their fair faces to the ground,
To shield them from so strange a sound.

II.

It raineth on—it raineth
Where moved the merry sun,
Whose light no more remaineth,
For smiles are spent and done !
On cheeks where they were glowing
Are pale white tears instead—
The stormy showers' flowing
Have blanched the rose's red :
Where beauty's laugh was calling
All pretty things to please,
Are ruder voices falling
From plants and ruined trees !
The heart—the heart—it mourneth too,
For pleasures wear a different hue,
And withered hope, or sullied gem,
What sun can ever brighten them ?

III.

Al! no ! the heart—it sigheth
That painful heavy sigh,
Whose misty dimness dieth
In drops of agony !
The dismal rain-storm pattered
Upon a slender flower,
Its leafy couch was shattered
And broken in the shower !

• No more the wild bee loving
Can nestle there at ease,
But he is elsewhere roving,
With hum of melodies.
'Tis in the soul the stain remains,
Oh Sorrow ! cruel are thy chains !
Alas ! when early hopes are dead—
And bitter griefs are there instead !

IV.

O cloud of woe ! still slowly
Thou movest silent on,
Eyes drop their lids down lowly,
But see what thou hast done.
Oh, gloomy shade of sorrow !
Oh, heavy weight of care !
It feareth, for to-morrow
May bring a worse despair !
The sailor brave will shudder
However bold he be,
If the ship lose its rudder
Upon the wide far sea :—
And oh ! when love and hope are flown,
Then we must pine and die alone !
Now dig my grave beneath the tree—
At last, oh death ! I welcome thee !

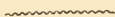
THE VOICE OF A STORMY NIGHT.



I COME to disperse the smile of day,
And have dropped on the vallies a dark'ning ray ;—
I have hush'd each voice in its glowing birth,
And have call'd the hour unknown to mirth ;
When the shipwreck'd sailor knows his doom,
And sees in the cold wave a dismal tomb !
His thoughts turn then to the lonely hour,
When he left his bride in the summer bower,—
To the last warm kiss, and the sad “ Good bye ! ”
When the signals waved with the parting sigh ;
Or I throw my shade as he home returns,
To blight the joy for whose smile he burns—
The airy sweetness that laughs and glows
Round his lovely cot in its bright repose !
But I warn him first not to tempt my rage,
Let him read the dark cloud's gloomy page :—
The birds all know it,—afraid they fly,
With drooping wings from the sable sky ;

And the startled owlet seeks his cave,—
While Thetis mourns in her pearly wave.
Then I hold my sway, till the light appears,
And finds her flowers bowed down with tears ;
But she cheers them soon, and their smile recalls,
And again joy's brightness around them falls.

WHAT IS MIRTH ?



I.

WHAT is mirth ?—the morn that gleams
On the silver rippling streams,—
Laughing, as they knew not sighs,—
The melody of azure skies ?
The lark, uprising to the view
Of scenes romantic beauty drew ?
Youthful dalliance of the sun,
Loving all he looks upon ?
Or the musical bright flowers,—
Wings of love's most happy hours ?
These are rainbows,—tints that lie
In the gay spring butterfly !

II.

What is mirth ?—that look her own
Those star-lighted eyes her throne,—

Where the dance and song shut out
Smiles that moonshine throws about,
Where steps light as the dew go by,
And the laugh of revelry ?
Pleasures that succeed each other,
Born of Hope, their radiant mother !
Surely mirth must blossom here,—
Yes, as flowers deck the bier :—
Some are careless—most are sad,—
Masquers all,—for none are glad !

III.

Though beautiful bright nature seem,—
'Tis but the iris of a dream !
Bloomy smiles and tears are blent
In one doubtful element ;
Briefest what most sweet appears ;
Lengthening shadows are our fears !
And the impassioned lover's suit,
And lighted hall, and minstrel's lute,
Though looking as they'd smile to stay,—
All such phantoms flee away !
But search through all the pride of earth,—
Ay, search, and tell me what is mirth !

AS ONE DAY I WANDERED.



As one day I wander'd in Summer's gay weather,
With the lark, in a morning of May,
Where beauty and joy held communion together,
And laughed from the old ruins grey,
That, like happy old age by green hopes surrounded,
Were reflecting a still gayer ray,
On the pride of the forest, the young deer that bounded
By the banks of the streamlet at play,

When respondent to all that was glowing around me,
With a heart that was joyful—a footstep all light;
Ere sorrow's pale hand with her cypress had crown'd
me,
Or dropp'd on my high hopes a withering blight;
A rose lay before me ;—I stopped to observe it,—
'Twas chequer'd with some of life's joys and its
pains,

For the sunray was warm, but the breeze tried to
swerve it,

From the leaf where now only its image remains.

For a moment 'twixt sunshine and shadow it hover'd,

True emblem of life's sad career !

But soon the wan spirit of sadness had cover'd

Its beauty now wither'd and sere !

" Ah !" said I, " sweet bud," (as the leaves were all
flying

Like life's young companions away ;)

" Thy bloom, like the freshness of childhood is dying,

Like the hopes and the friendships of May !"

ON A FALLEN FLOWERET.

ALAS ! sweet relic of the Spring
Thy glowing tints are flown :
Ere yet the bee's frail silken wing
Had glisten'd from thy throne.

A short day since those leaves were bright,
Kiss'd by the loving breeze ;
And smiling in the sunbeam's light,
That sparkled on the trees.

The leaves are green where thou hast dwelt,—
The stem is young and free !—
Why is it thou a blight hast felt
That's wither'd none but thee ?

Ah ! so our life must soon decline,—
All gay and lovely things
Are but spring butterflies that shine
With gold and glittering wings,

Whose feather'd bloom is brush'd away,
In its first happy glow ;
But pleasure's cradle of a day,
Where joy's soft breezes blow ;

Like gossamer that's borne along
So fleet and fair they seem ;
Or as the airy breath of song,
That 's heard but in a dream.

Yet still, sweet bud, thy shrivell'd form
Of lingering sweetness tells,—
Where charms are dead, that once were warm,
The soul of virtue dwells.

TIME AND RUINS.

~~~~~  
"Sic transit gloria mundi!"  
~~~~~

I GAZED where beauty most fair around
In glowing radiance the scene had bound :
And roses blushed to the deep blue sky,
And the zephyrs whispered a soft reply.
Had the foot of Time there left no trace—
No mark of death on the flowery race?—
Yes!—these are frail—from the rainbow's kiss,
That first dropp'd a shade on its wasted bliss,
The flower droop'd—and the fairies took
Those bright young smiles from her glowing look,—
And cast her leaves in their youth to die,
Mid the breathing grace of a joyous sky!—

Where the light ash waved in the dingle by,
Shedding the dews from its branches high:

The bird—the sweet bird built her airy nest,
And sent forth song from her mirthful breast.
That bright home is gone—the minstrel's lay
Is heard no more through the quiet way !—
The wood, where the owlet her dark song brings,
Was once the haunt of all lovely things ;
Young hearts were pledged on the festive ground,
Lutes and sweet voices poured music round ;
But all is fled—and the night-shade brings
A gloom and a sigh in her spreading wings.

The towers that looked on the brilliant way
With a pomp and a grandeur that scorned decay ;
And the gorgeous fanes that the wide view showed
Where the painted banners, and marble glowed,
What rests on these ?—are they pompous still ?
The builders lie in the deep grave chill !
The marble is brown with the hand of Time,
It has borrowed its hues from the funeral chime !
Ruin sits on them !—her withering eyes
Have been on the scene, and splendour dies :
And all is still—where mirth used to play,
She can find no seat where it once was gay.

In the cottage low by the hamlet's green,
There were happy faces where joy was seen :
There was childhood's grace so fair and bright :—
Oh ! are these too gone with their smile of light ?—

That smile is no more—from fond dreams they rise,
With the weight of tears on their glistening eyes :—
And the pale, pale look—that with death has been—
And the worn-out spirit that rests within !
The votive strain sung in youth's passionate day,
Of hope's flowery garland, has died away :—
Ye may see—o'er the tomb their grey locks bow,
For the blighted joy they have laid there now !
For the once high heart, and the youthful brow !

But in that gay hall there are laughing eyes,
And joyous hearts from the banquet rise :
Young Hebe's blush on each fair cheek glows,
Oh !—mirth must dwell in the beaming rose !—
'Tis a strange glow, caught from a foreign sky,—
But a mask—to conceal from the gazing eye—
The woe that enshrines like a withering leaf
The flower that looks bright 'mid a world of grief !
As the sunbeam can gild with the laugh of his gleam
The ruin that mantles each desolate dream :—
Ah !—that semblance of gaiety but nurses the more
A rankling despair when the false joy is o'er !

SORROW.

~~~~~  
——— better to die  
Than live alone in this immensity.  
*The Dream of the Shipwrecked Mariner.*  
~~~~~

How spiritless—how sad appears
The wasted bloom of summers past :
Like cherished hope that's turned to tears,
Too beautiful—too sweet to last.

The wintry scene is bleak and bare ;
But skies are blue and bright above,
A few faint stars are kindling there,
Like smiles upon the face of love.

There was a pilgrim grey and old,
Went tottering on his feeble way,
And sighing for the piercing cold,—
And thoughts which were too sad to say.

In gusts, the dismal wind rushed by,
Sweeping with withered leaves and dead,
The tall reeds bent them mournfully—
Beneath the heavy hurrying tread !

The weary wanderer dropped a tear,
For poor and very lorn was he :
He mourned for the departed year —
The next—he might not live to see !

He reached a church-yard where was laid
In his last sleep an only son :
With broken voice he knelt and said—
“ My precious—oh my gallant one ! ”

Cold was the night :—the winter rains
With moaning sound began to fall :—
The tears—that tell of human pains,
Flow with an anguish worse than all !

In bitter grief the old man wept—
The chilling damps were on his brow :
Through long—long hours his watch he kept,
Nothing could make him happy now !

So bend your steps this path to try—
That chamber long has silent been :
Nay, listen—there's a stifled sigh
From unrequited love within !

There is a fair and youthful form,
Once bright as any smile of spring—
With joys for flowers, gay and warm,
How sweet the perfume they can bring !

But it is gone ! and gathering tears
Burning from out her deep eyes flow :
Shadows are on the coming years,
Alas ! alas ! for love and woe !

Oh ! we might bear all change—all ill
That in this mournful world must be,
If, dear affection ! thou wert still
True in thy warmth—and constancy !

For worldly wealth less precious is,
In all its gold and glittering dyes,
Than love—for which all earthly bliss
Is but too slight a sacrifice !

Hearken unto that little bird ;
How mournful is the tale he sings !
See what a land of leaves is stirred
With the quick shiver of his wings !

The land of leaves so soon to die—
And yet its greenness smiles so now ;—
So did my hopes—but now I sigh,
With saddened heart, and paler brow !

I cannot raise my eyes to see,
The load of sorrow, grief, and care,
The dim and silent vacancy,
Which fills me with its own despair !

The night winds blow—so they may tell
The last sad finish I would say :—
Hush ! listen ! 'tis the wild farewell,
That sounds from joys in their decay !—

THE ROSE OF SPRING.

GREENLY, greenly wave the trees
To the new-fledged spring,
The flowers laugh, while airs like these
The honey-wanderers bring !

Brightly to the morn they shine
In the dawn of youth—
Shall the bridal rose e'er pine,
So full of love and truth ?—

Yes ! in hours of sun and bloom
Mid young branches round,
Happy, she shall find the tomb,
Ere hope a change has found.

Like an infant's brief bright life,
Spring's most gentle rose,
Blessèd to escape the strife
Maturity all knows !

Hotter suns may come and go,
With their sparkling train ;
But a rose like this—oh no !
We cannot see again.

With the spring her bloom departs ;
I do love this flower,
For 'tis like the glow of hearts
In youth's blithesome hour !

But I close the page—for she
With her season goes ;—
And the laugh of summer glee
In the rich south-wind blows.

Grown more passionate—the sun
Like an eastern king,
Sees the treasures he has won
Around a glory fling.

So farewell, my favourite flower !
Bright has been thy bloom,
Like thy life, a gentle hour
Now bears thee to the tomb !

STANZAS ON THE LILY.

THE dew's young white-robed bride appears,
The lily of the spring ;
And modest smiles beneath those tears
Around that fair vest cling.

And sweetly passing zephyrs play,
With many an airy kiss ;
And pity's lighter form hath sway,
With all that breathes of bliss.

So should our youth the soften'd smile
Of generous virtue wear, —
The tender love that would beguile
The drooping soul of care.

And as the texture of that ray,
Which falls from moonlight skies,
On the free glitterings of the spray,
Where the chaste dew-drop lies,

Should every light of thought be shrined
With hope's enchanting hue,
That through the sorrows of the mind
Can find a heavenlier view.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A STAR ON A STORMY NIGHT.



FOND star ! which shines so far above,—
Picture of deep, but gentle love ;—
That 's born in dark affliction's hour,
Yet glows more brightly in the shower !
Encompass'd by the thunder's shroud,—
Still smiling through Despair's dim cloud
More sweetly graceful, and more calmly clear,
As flowers of hope in sorrow are more dear.

EARLY REMEMBRANCES.

BRIGHT on the argent stream,
The lonely flowers beam,
As in soft sleep they melancholy lie,—
Picturing fancy's ray,
Of all that is so gay,
Beneath the pleasant moonlight of the sky.

The smile of the young rose,
Like love that purely glows,
Sheds a faint tint upon the star-lit hill ;
And the bird's plaintive song
Floats with the air along,
Pouring wild music on the deep blue rill.

The beauty of the star,
Looks like sweet joy afar,
Lighting the heaven with a glorious fire :
And warm affection's ray
Is like the budding spray,
Shedding delight upon the heart's young lyre.

Upon the mournful night
Is pour'd a tender light,
Lovingly bending o'er each fragrant flower ;
And fair streams to the view,
Like gems of sparkling hue,
Smile in the radiance that the moonbeams shower.

Haste to the laurel shade,
Or to the distant glade,—
It tells us some fond scene of childhood's home ;
Where scented flowers blow,
Or where the myrtles grow :—
A pensive charm they have where'er we roam.

'Tis sweet to raise our eyes
To the same laughing skies,
That pleased, with sunny warmth, our infant hours.
And oh ! where'er we turn,
Will youthful love still burn,
And gild our path with sunbeams and with flowers.

So fancy's image dear,
Calls forth a tender tear,
Whether the hamlet or the vale we trace :
And the young fawns that sleep
By the hill's dark green steep,
Are pictured oft in some remember'd place.

H O P E.

Who comes with gay flowers twined around her
young head ?

Who looks forth in joy from the wild rose's bed ?—

What's the ray more than beauty, that beams from
the shell,—

Of that leaf which is touched by the moonlight as
well ?

When the eye mutely rests on the sable-plum'd shade,
And despair sees the leaf and the floweret fade ;—

Whose smile, like a sun-ray, can pierce through the
gloom,—

Whose soft starry brightness can waken new bloom ?

Who stands on the field where fierce warriors die,
Who makes glory's triumph flash forth from each eye ?
Who turns the swift courser to chase the dark foe,
And kindles a light through the dim cloud of woe ?

Who leads on our footsteps through honour's rich way,
And tells its glad thoughts, like a child full of play,
Making tear-drops to vanish in beaming delight,
And all that is ruin'd and desolate bright ?

Who laughs, unregretful of joys which are past ?—
What moon-ray is that o'er the solitude cast ?
What blossom that rests in her evergreen shade,
And owns not a power that condemns her to fade ?

What but Hope—magic Hope ! whose sweet talisman
art,
Holds a happy dominion in every heart,—
Whose charm can revive the sad withering flower—
Whose wings shed a glow on the mirth-fleeting hour ?

For the best of our wishes in hope's golden dream,
Grow more dazzlingly fair,—like a calm beauteous
stream ;

When the sun-ray of noon cheers the breeze as it blows
And gives radiance and warmth to each billow that
flows.

Like the loveliest spring-time, she ever looks bright ;
All find what they seek in her beautiful light :—
From her flowers so fair then, I'll choose one for me !
Oh, Hope !—what sweet minstrel enraptures like
thee ?

MOONLIGHT.

WHITE clouds are on the azure sky,—
They're shining bright; and soon
Like clearest snows outspread on high,
They're passing o'er the moon.

They take a radiance from her smile;
Undimm'd she looks them through;
They grow more beautiful the while,
Touch'd with so sweet a huc.

I gaze upon the holy light,
With love-enraptured eyes;
The silvery softness of the night,—
The beauty of the skies!

It laugheth over hill and stream,—
It laugheth o'er the sea;
And on my heart is as a beam,
Of pleasant memory.

But as I raise my looks above,
The tears fall from my eyes ;
The dearest things on earth we love,
Fade like the flowers' dyes.

And we may soon be left alone,
For wither'd hopes to sigh ;
Without the kind, consoling tone,
Affection's voice would try.

Oh !—very sad are nights and days,
When we feel none are near ;
But love's fond words, and look of praise—
Oh !—who can tell how dear ?

Then let us prize them while we may,
In meek reliance rest ;
And only know from day to day,
How much our lot is blest !

A TRIBUTE FOR SYMPATHY'S TREE.

THIS sweet morning the air was all stilly,
When Aurora's rose-glittering locks
Tinged with blushes the heart of the lily,—
And threw a deep gold on the rocks.

The young dew that had fallen so brightly,
Was a tear from each star on the flowers,
Gaily revelling and frolicking lightly,
With the sweetness that laugh'd in Spring's bowers!

And bright fairies sat near the cool waters,
And smiled rosy with amorous glee,
As they claim'd from the Spring's gayest daughters
A pale tribute for Sympathy's Tree!

Lest the blossoms of fond hope appearing,
Far too radiant for cold worlds like this,
Should deceive us with prospects too cheering
With her garlands o'erbeaming with bliss.

Their glad lustre is soil'd :—it encloses
The moist dimness of many a tear :—
And the smiles that look out from her roses,
Say “The moonlight of pity is here !”

Oh ! wherever we go we still find it,
Though starr'd branches in spangles we see ;
'Neath the gold locks of sweetness that bind it,
There's a tribute for Sympathy's Tree !

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

How everything looks cold and changed
From what it used to be,—
When pleasant things seem'd only made
For happiness and me !

The Spring is smiling on her way,
As she hath ever smiled ;
But I, oh ! I am only now,
A poor neglected child !

There is no place that 's green to me,
Except my father's tomb ;
And there I often go to wet
With tears the living bloom.

But whether I shed tears or smile,
Matters but little now ;
For I am like a leaf alone,
Upon a wint'ry bough !

Dear loving looks ! ye are the charm,
Of life in every hour ;
The honey portion to the bee,—
The sunshine to the flower !

But soon the little flower will die,
If storms should hurt the stem ;
My parents in the grave are laid,
And I must follow them !

THE FADED FOREST.



THE bloom of the forest is faded and fled,
And all its rich beauty is withered and dead ;
Oh !—once it was lovely to sit in the shade,
And hear the wild music the sweet song birds made ;
And the beautiful breeze as it wandered away,
To call out fresh flowrets to welcome the day.
I have sat 'neath the chesnut whose broad leaves
could spread
Their rustling drapery green o'er my head ;—
'Twas the hue of young life in its fairest array,—
But, alas ! it is fled—it is faded to-day !
The wild wind is moaning, waste, weary and worn,
It comes like a traveller, lonely and lorn :
And the cold pelting rain, and the blasts that blow,
Sigh for the place they have ruined so !
Desolate—barren is all the ground,
Where the grasshopper made a soft lute sound ;
And the reed that was bent by the heavy bee,
Showing how joyous himself could be,

Is wither'd and floating along the stream,
That mingled in play with its early dream.
And life, oh ! is human life more bright ?—
Still wears it the sunshine of young delight ?
Ah, no !—the nest where the heart lay warm,
Like a bird in the dark night secured from storm,
Has fallen away ! Oh, most mournful thing,
Is the heart that is fated in early spring,
To sigh for the hopes it can never forget,
But remember them only to weep and regret !

SONG.

I 'm thinking of thee, love, to-night,
And on our sad farewell ;
The golden stars make glad and bright
The blue home where they dwell.

The fragrant blossoms on the grass,
Do light it,—each a gem ;
And singing zephyrs as they pass,
Grow sweet to look on them.

The alcove, so thick set with flowers,
The nightingale's dear lay,—
Oh ! they make tears flow down like showers,
Because thou'rt far away.

But though I weep, I feel 'tis blest
To see the same soft sky
On which thou look'st ; while o'er its breast
Floats voiceless melody.

Good night ! although thou canst not hear,
The old words come at will,—
Alas ! thou art no longer near,
I am unanswer'd still.

LOVE BETRAYED.



THE cherish'd dream was past :—she woke to know
Her heart's deep love was wasted—and to feel
The utter, utter weariness of life,
When there are none to live for, none whose smile
Can like the glorious sunshine raise the flower,
Drooping for want of its reviving heat.
If you have gazed on the clear summer night
Upon the shining moon, in the blue vault
Looking her fullest radiance, as if storms
Could never shade it :—oh 't might image well
Young Happiness !—the fair ethereal glow
Sparkles a moment, then it dies to leave
A vacancy, that ah ! can never be
Again filled up—and the crushed hope that feels
How very wretched and how desolate
Is life that seem'd most fair :—and so felt now
Lost Agnes—for her heart had been too full
Of those first dear affections, which on earth

Are all too rare to meet with the return
Their own warmth seeks—not knowing it is vain !

His letter lay before her, and her eyes
Wet with the heavy tears, yet look'd again
Upon the well-known writing which had been
The herald of a joy so dearly prized,
As sweetest that the world could ever give !
And she would linger—as who has not done ?—
Before she broke the signet, which concealed
From other eyes her deep, deep happiness !
Ah !—such may well requite the sadden'd pain
That absence is to love—which else would be
To fond affection insupportable !
But all these dreams—for what are they but dreams ?
That vanish in an instant—now had passed,
And all yet left to youth was winter wild !
And that fair flower, the very child of Spring,
Droop'd silently :—alas ! so many do !
And the proud world—cold, careless as before,
Goes on with jest, and mirth, and reckless vows,
To trusting confidence so ill repaid !

HOME.

HOME, sweet spot ! the wanderer sighs,
Fancy in the starlight beaming
Shews thy turrets as they rise
Where the youthful hope is dreaming !

Where are looks of love so bright
As those seem when twilight wreathing
Her rose-veil of blushing light,
Enchants words we're fondly breathing ?

And dear home to all is kind :
How the peasant's spirit burneth
For the very flowers that wind
Around his cot to which he turneth !

Yester-eve I sat in thought,
Tears were in my eyelash glistening,
And the air such music brought,
That the charmed bees were listening.

What said music—what to them?—

Perhaps it told that brightest flowers,
Clinging round their light green stem,
Thick as rain-drops in May showers,

Must grow faint in their caress ;

Though now as the blue sky's smiling
In those tints of loveliness,
They're so sweet and so beguiling.

But to my sad heart it rushed—

'Twas a voice whose tones of feeling,
Wept the hopes it sadly crushed—
Wept the sounds it was revealing !—

Wept how oft love's fond caress

Had but flattery to breathe it—
Like the fountain's bright excess
With only darkness beneath it !

But it told of Home no change—

That fair rainbow hue is brighter :
Moist with tears, its dimness strange
Looks on woe and makes it lighter.

Many a weary one afar,

Sweetest Home ! for thee is pining :
Thou art still a radiant star,
Of young Love's own brightest shining !

And should some who read this leaf
On which now my tears are falling,
Find a solace to their grief—
Thy dear smiles of hope recalling—

Bear them a resistless spell !
Oh ! the flowers that grew around them,
Can the heart's young history tell
In each garland that has crowned them !

THE FUNERAL.

"TWAS Spring time—and all earth was gay
In her young lovely glee :
And every jocund smile of May
Delighted air and sea.

But what that sound !—how low its tone—
What thrilling pause is there ?
As if it came from depths unknown—
The dark abode of care !

What that afar ?—like some dim stream,
Its winding course and slow :
The sun has touched it with his beam,
Bloom—e'en the grave may know !

What, are those waving plumes that play
So darkly through the trees—
All mingling in their sad array
Strange accents with the breeze ?—

Alas ! when all were smiling near,
Radiant in leafy bloom ;—
Who murmured aught of death were here ?
Who named the sightless tomb ?—

Was it because in outward show
There often lurks within,
The shadows of a secret woe,
Where we felt joy had been ?—

Let grief as slowly she proceeds,
Awake the answering sigh :
Let tear-drops glistening 'neath her weeds,
Proclaim “ 'tis sad to die ! ”

'Tis sad to lose the spring-time fair,
When daisies, first in light,
Begin to deck her emerald hair
In softest lustre bright.

Then oh ! how sad to lose the love,
That never blooms anew ;—
Till in eternal bliss above,
It wakes—for ever true !

'Tis past :—the funeral train returns—
Their footsteps print the ground ;
The dead amid sad mouldering urns
A last deep rest hath found !

THE LAY OF THE UNHAPPY

I.

THERE is a sadness in the flow
Of the low murmuring stream—
In the soft thrilling winds that blow—
In the sun's mournful beam :
And festive star-eyed pleasure flies
A sere leaf on the blast !
What say those pensive breathing skies,
Oh ! tell they of the past ?

II.

Ah, yes ! there is a spirit sad,
Breathing on air and stream,
I cannot though I would be glad,
So mournful all things seem !
If pillowed on the gentle breast
Of the blue summer sleep ;
It's but to me a dim unrest,
And I awake to weep !

III.

The raven on his gloomy wing
Is not more lone than I ;
Like him I'm ever wandering,
Like him, deserted, fly !
Deserted through the festal hall
Where once were faces kind,
I wander at the twilight fall
In solitude of mind.

IV.

Sweet whispers from its buried shade
Arise at that calm hour :
“The loved ones in the grave are laid,”
Says the pale drooping flower ;—
“Alas ! in vain you seek again
Such love as you have lost !”
Weeps in dark flashes from the main—
Just loosen'd from the frost.

V.

The frost !—ah ! glowing Spring will break
With rosy foot the dream,
And with new-beaming smiles awake
Shall flow the fresh calm stream :
But when those chains are round the heart
And Despair's blasting breath
Clings round her with impassion'd art,
There is a charm in death !

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

THE evening was most fair, and bright,
Unclouded skies were glowing :
And in the moonbeam's earnest light
A thousand buds were blowing !

Love round the charm'd inspiring scene
Threw rays of latent glory ;—
Hid in the roses mild serene
The nightingale's sweet story.

But the deep voice of music dwelt
Upon the grave so lonely,
A shadow that's not seen—but felt
Which the sad heart knows only.

And on the starry lake there's less
Of beauty's tones beguiling—
Of mingled love, and tenderness,
In varied sweetness smiling.

I watched it—and the silver moon
Shone on a flower broken :
Like sunshine's blossoms round a tomb—
Of sever'd love a token !—

And homeward on the wave so bright
A little bark was sailing ;—
A dark cloud hid the gleaming light,
Their wither'd hopes bewailing.

“ Ah !—thus,” I cried, “ Fate's cruel power,
Has stole my early glory—
And left a crush'd, a faded flower,
To tell the weary story !”

I NOTICED A COT.



I NOTICED a cot in my stroll through the wood,
When Spring had embosomed the year ;
And the dark trees around it in proud beauty stood,
While the music of waters was near.

I noticed that cot in the mildness of night,
When darkness had shaded the scene ;
The blush-rose of beauty, the lily of light,
Shone out from a moss couch of green.

Like a star that descending had found some bright
nest,
In which he might revel at ease,
The jasmine look'd forth from her sweet porch of rest,
And smiled the young moon-ray to please !

I noticed that cot,—'twas surrounded by all
That bliss or enchantment could give ;—
What was there within ?—Ah ! a funeral pall !
And starvation !—that cared not to live !

A young maid had died!—like the sister of Spring,
Was the beautiful blossom, and frail ;
But I paused, and I heard the sweet nightingale sing,
It came on the soft breathing gale.

O'er the flower it trembled, its music was gone,
Like the voice once in melody gay ;
I listen'd enchanted, the fair scene was lone,
The sweet sound—it had vanished away !

I noticed that cot,—young beauty laughed there,
Like a butterfly careless at play ;
But I thought of the widow—I thought of her care,
And all mirth from my soul flew away.

I mused by that cot, when the Autumn had shed
The bloom of its feathering leaves ;
Its splendour was faded !—its owner was dead !
Not a bird for the solitude grieves.

Not a flower remains of the tribe that so sweet,
Crown'd with smiles the dear depths of its shade ;
A slow stream murmurs by, and dark waters meet,
Where once such tranquillity played !

ROSE OF NOVEMBER.

ROSE of November!—lonely thou pinest
An orphan 'mid Winter and storm!
Rude air!—oh, how chill thou reclinest
On beauty that would be so warm!

Companions were smiling delightfully,
They're lost in a comer more wild;—
Dost thou, as thou dancest so sprightly,
Feel sorrow, oh, desolate child?

Rose of November!—feebleth thy bosom
The wreck of affection we know;—
The drapery of thy sweet blossom,
Oh! heaves it with pleasure or woe?

The sunlight that falleth so cheerily
On the liveness of thy young bloom;
Is its smile welcomed more wearily,—
When it sweeps o'er the frost of the tomb?

Rose of November !—Spring's happy voices,—
Not they who transplanted thee here ;
No green leaf in gay song rejoices,
Her look on thy beauty is sere !

Companions were smiling delightfully,
They 're lost in a comer more wild ;—
Dost thou, as thou dancest so sprightly,
Feel sorrow, oh, desolate child ?

Rose of November !—dear star amid strangers !
Thou wearest the tear-drop of woe !
To mourn for thy kindred through dangers,
That welcomed the grave long ago !

THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year falls on wealth's gay halls,
With promise rich and rare ;
With bridal dreams and pleasure's schemes
Delighting young and fair.

The sweet bells ring, and voices sing,
Roses adorn the brow ;
But there are those whose mingling woes
Fall dark on Winter's snow.

As on some brook the cloud has shook
Mist from his sable form :
A veil is cast on brightness past ;—
It flutters in the storm !

The rich man laughs,—the goblet quaffs,
Where mirthful bubbles play,—
Deceivers bright !—like flattery's light,
That crowns his board to-day.

The poor man feels the hand that steals
His fewer friends away ;
A starting tear bedews the year,
And blots out pleasure's ray.

The year that brings gay joyous things,
New smiles, and sunny bloom,
Brings many a strange, unhappy change,
And many an early tomb !

The New Year gleams with chequer'd beams,
But they, like Cupid's pinion,
May give a light that turns to night
Her desolate dominion.

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